

The Perennial Problem

Rev. John L. Belford, D.D., in the Nativity "Mentor"

NO, it is not the child. It is the parent. Ink enough to make a lake has been used to solve what we call the child problem. We have been told all about babies; we have been taught how to build healthy babies, how to feed, clothe, bathe, teach our children, but no one seems to tell us how to secure the right kind of parents. Most children are like Topsy. They just grow. And while society strives to make them useful, it does not reach the only one who can give them what they need. That one is not the Church nor the school. It is the parent.

In the plan of God parents are the channels of life. They keep the world alive and they do it by reproducing themselves in children. Children are conceived and born in the image and likeness of their parents. They have the features, the complexion, the traits, the virtues and vices of those to whom under God they owe their existence. God is the creator of all things. Parents procreate their children. Not merely do they give them life; they form their character, and they lead them into heaven or hell by the way they train them.

In the natural order, nothing is more important than marriage. A marriage in which healthy bodies, good minds and pure souls are united, brings happiness not merely to the married couple, but to their children and their children's children. It blesses society civil and religious. On the other hand, a marriage in which health, mentality or spirituality is lacking curses all concerned and visits society with the miserable entail of vice, ignorance and disease. The only way to regard marriage is the way God instituted it. He created two strong, healthy, clean-minded, pure-hearted beings. He made one the complement of the other and he bade them increase and multiply that the earth might teem with their progeny and that heaven might be filled with men made in the image of their Creator and glorified with His grace and their own merits.

The world owes much to discoverers, inventors, authors, and artists. Their work has enriched their fellow men,

but the greatest of human benefactors are the parents who bring into the world and train as they should children who inherit the treasures their forbears have produced and hand them down to posterity enriched with their own contributions of thought, effort and sacrifice.

Those who marry for an unworthy motive are despicable. The chief cause for failure in marriage is disregard for the sacred character of a union which God has contrived for a noble purpose but which man perverts to his own sensual or sordid ends.

Parents sin against their children and against society by indifference and indulgence. The former is usually the sin of fathers; the latter is the fault of mothers. It is not easy to say which is worse.

THE INDIFFERENT FATHER

An indifferent father hardly knows his own children. He knows their features and their names, but he does not know their character. The battle of life is strenuous. To succeed every man must work hard. He rises early, usually breakfasts alone, hurries to business with only a perfunctory good morning to his family. When he comes home, he is tired. After dinner he reads, rests, or goes out. The children merely meet him. They know that he is the head of the house, that he provides for them, but they do not really know him. They have little evidence that he loves them, or has more than a friendly interest in them. He rarely talks with them, walks with them, or plays with them. Their mother is their companion and friend. She nurses them, teaches them, and manages them. Father never says a word about prayer or religion, about school or study. He says he is too busy, forgetting that nothing is so important as the foundation of his children's character. When a father stands before the Great Judge, it will not do for him to plead business, fatigue, or delegation. If his indifference is the cause of his child's ignorance or failure, how can he expect anything but condemnation? And yet, the duty of forming children's character is not irksome. It is not only interesting: it is helpful beyond expression. It brings the father face to face with his own character and it shows

him his defects and vices more clearly than any friend or critic could reveal them. It inspires him to strain and purify his conduct. Only a monster will wittingly poison the mind and heart of a child. Nor is there in the world any purer joy than that which comes from the reverence of the child who sees in his father power, wisdom, and goodness second only to that which he attributes to his Creator.

Love is like fire. It enkindles love. The man who does not love his child cannot expect to be loved. If he loves, he will show it. The heart needs evidence, not less than the reason. The man who does not hold his child, carry him, caress him, tell him stories, teach him to walk and play, may think he loves his child, but he cannot expect that child to think so. The child needs evidence.

Children are imitative. They walk like their parents. They have their accent. They learn their language—often to the confusion and shame of the teachers. Manners, tastes, occupation are largely the result of admiration. The child is proud of his father. He tries to be like him. It is imperative, then, that a father be a true Christian gentleman, not only at business or in society, but in his home and in his relations with his family. He should be gentle, generous and correct in word and act.

Do not allow your child to drift. Lead him and help him. There is nothing more potent than example. With it you can work wonders; without it, your advice and precepts will be worthless.

THE INDULGENT MOTHER

The indulgent mother spoils her children and makes her home miserable. Her reward is contempt at first and finally abuse. She begins her baneful influence when her child is an infant. If she allows her baby to cry her into compliance, she may as well accept the cross which that child will lay upon her and which he will make heavier every year of his life. It is a duty to give children reasonable care and attention, but it is wrong for a mother to immolate herself for them. The world loves the quiet, happy child and it hates the imp that screams and defies control. Angel or imp, he is what his mother makes him.

Circumstances affect the mother's influence, but the rule is, good mother, good child.

The good mother will make her children orderly and considerate. They will rise, not when they like, but when they should. They will learn to wait on themselves. They will not abuse clothing, food, or furniture. They will begin and end their day with prayer. They will ask God to bless the food they are going to eat and they will thank Him for the meal they have just eaten. They will say good morning and good night. They will be courteous to others, even to servants, thanking those who serve them and eager to serve others. Do not spoil children with fears of darkness or loneliness. Train them to sleep in a dark room and to go to sleep without company. From the very first, teach them to eat, drink, sleep and play with moderation. Do not encourage whims and caprices about food and clothing. Give them what you think they need. If they do not like it, let them go without. Do not make your dining room a restaurant with meals at all hours and a different dish for every member of the family. Do not tolerate rebellion. The child who says "I won't" is a rebel. If his first offense is treated right, there will be no second offense, not to speak of the obnoxious habit. Take all the time you need to show him that he must obey and do not tolerate disobedience or defiance. Encourage your child to help you with your housework. Show him that his smallest effort pleases you and makes you happy. In that way you will make him happy and useful. Talk to him about his chums, his teachers, his books. Conversation will reveal his virtues and his vices and show you where he needs your assistance. Crush selfishness and cruelty as soon as you see their first symptom. If you want to raise a savage, give him his way. If you want a child, control him—not with bands of steel, but with stronger, less chafing bonds of interest and affection.

TROUBLE FOR THE PASTOR

The indulgent mother is a thorn in the side of every pastor. She defers baptism until her child is weeks or months old, lest the little darling take cold on the way to the church. She sends some non-Catholic friend to be

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sponsor and puts on the priest the unwelcome duty of informing the would-be-sponsor that only a Catholic can "stand for" a child. She does not teach her child to pray. When she finally thinks he is old enough to go to school, she sends him to a school in which there are "nice" teachers and "nice" children. She will not send him to the children's Mass; he must go with her, when she feels like going, or if she does send him to the children's Mass, she must go with him. She will not permit him to sit with the other children. He must sit with her. He may not remain until the children are dismissed, he must go out with her. She does not instruct her child in his religion and she will not send him to the instructions for children, but when the time comes for First Communion or Confirmation, she brings him to church with an elaborate and absolutely untruthful apology for his non-attendance and ignorance, but insists that he must receive the Sacraments with the other children, who have attended long and regularly and who know what they are doing. It is useless to tell her the child does not know the nature of the Sacrament. "Teach him," she cries; "that is your duty!" Then, when the great day arrives, she wants her child to lead the procession, or to wear special clothing and carry a special book. She must personally fasten his tie or pin his ribbon. The other children laugh at her and her own child despises her. But her zeal does not live. The second month her darling does not appear for Communion. In reply to her pastor's polite inquiry, she declares, "I will send my child when I see fit; I don't want to make him a pious machine." Needless to say, that child soon ceases to attend Mass. The little knowledge of religion he once possessed dies out and he becomes a conceited pagan, a critic of the Church and a selfish, sensual creature in whose heart there is not one generous or decent impulse.

THE TEACHER'S TROUBLE

Ask any school teacher what she thinks of the indulgent mother. She will tell you that home indulgence is responsible for most of the lateness and absence, ignorance and impudence she finds in her pupils. Because Johnnie does not want to go to school, mother permits him to stay home

and then gives him the atrocious example of writing a note asking teacher to excuse him because "he was sick"! The child does not want to study. Mother yields to his request, entreaty or tears and sends another mendacious excuse because the home-work is wanting. Yet, she insists that her child be promoted. She forgets or ignores his record for absence, his monthly reports and his examinations. With fire in her eye and rage in her heart she demands her rights and does all she can to force teachers to violate rules and act against their conscience. She will not have her child disgraced just because he could not answer a few stupid questions!

Indulgence perverts the nature of the child. He knows that his weak or foolish mother has made him a moral cripple and an intellectual pauper. He resents it and resentment makes him bitter. That bitterness condemns to a back room or home for the aged many a mother whose omissions have simply spoiled her children. They reap what they sow. The spoiled child does not think right. He has no affection. Too late she learns, as did King Lear.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth
It is to have a thankless child!"

Education for Citizenship

Sermon of the Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S.J., Delivered in St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, D. C., November 15, 1921, at the Centennial Celebration of Gonzaga College

THIS is a democracy. A democracy is a commonwealth in which the people, as a unit, governs itself, through the medium of simple laws, enacted and executed in a way chosen by the citizens. In a democracy, therefore, there is no ruler apart and distinct from the people, but rather an executive, elected by the people to put the people's will in force. The populace, then, is the ruler, the governor of a free commonwealth. Now government takes place through law, and law involves the activity of two faculties of the soul, the intellect and the will, the

activity of the intellect that the law may be conceived, that the law may be sound, the activity of the will that the law may come into existence and be put into execution. Hence it follows that good government depends on both the intelligence and character of the citizenry. So it comes to pass that proper education is essential to the welfare and even to the existence of a free commonwealth, as such. What proper education is, is clear, not only from the nature of man but from the nature of the duties imposed upon him.

Man is a creature of body and soul upon whom are imposed the obligations of perfecting himself as best he may and serving his country, according to his station, to the full limit of his ability. But the perfection of man supposes the training of all his faculties, his intellect and his will, especially, that he may think aright and live aright, necessary requirements, too, that he may govern aright.

What man is fit to govern if he be ignorant of fundamental principles of law and order? What man is fit to govern, if knowing all things within the ken of the human mind, he is yet too unrestrained to govern himself, too wicked to observe even the natural law? Reason gives answer: the world gives answer, the sad, weary, hungry world that has so often been torn asunder by the stupidity and the malice of governments. And the answer is: No man is fit to govern unless he has been perfected by discipline which fashioned his intellect to discern right from wrong, truth from error, and strengthened his will to embrace truth and follow justice, despite all obstacles. Clearly, then, government depends on education. Every child, therefore, in a democracy must be educated as far as may be. This is his right. This is a duty owed him and the State. Moreover, he must be educated in a way conducive to his own perfection and the perfection of the commonwealth. His intellect must be set in the way of right thought by suitable means; his will must be fixed in virtue, both by ethics and religion. And since the latter consideration is far more important than the former, it follows from this and other reasons, too, that education is primarily a moral and religious function destined by

God to bring man to his full stature and his full usefulness.

Religious education, then, is a solemn duty imposed upon those charged with the formation of citizens. But who are those so charged? The State? Nay. The burden of such education falls upon those to whom the child belongs, upon those who begot the child, the parents. I repeat that such education belongs to the parents, not to the State, which follows the existence of the family and is founded thereon. So true is it that the right and duty of educating children belong to the parents, that even the school but takes up and extends the function of the home. And nothing may be done in the school, whether public or private, contrary to the legitimate wishes of the parents. The parents are supreme. The school but stands in their place, in the way parents desire and for the time that they desire, fulfilling only those functions committed to them by the father and mother, doing nothing that in any way may impair family life. This the place, this the function of the school in the commonwealth, a purely vicarious institution accomplishing the legitimate will of the parents, as expressed through law or statute.

THE STATE AND EDUCATION

True, the State is immensely concerned with education, but in a very definite and very limited way. For after all the child is not a member of the family only, but of the commonwealth as well. For this reason the school becomes an agent of the State, also, for the preparation of citizens. Hence the State has a vital interest in education. To speak more definitely: it is the duty of the commonwealth to preserve and perfect itself in order that it may advance the general welfare to the highest possible pitch. And this is done primarily through the education of its citizens. Thus the State becomes concerned with education, but only in as far as this is necessary for the general welfare. It should encourage love of learning, should insist that citizens be sufficiently educated to perform their duties intelligently, should supply material means for education, should forbid doctrines subversive of the principles of government, should educate neglected

children, in the absence of other duly authorized agents. But it may not infringe one jot or tittle on the natural right of parents. It may not force parents to send their children to any particular school. It may not oblige children to use textbooks to which their parents justly object. Except in rare cases, it must not convert itself into a schoolmaster. For this it was not intended, for this it is not fit. And should it ever so far forget itself as to deny citizens freedom of education, woe to it and woe to the citizens. Its fate is sealed: the fate of the citizens is sealed. It is bad enough that religion, once firmly established in all our schools, public and private, should now be excluded from millions of classrooms in the land. This exclusion is not only a pedagogical blunder, it is a danger to wholesome national life; for without Christ, the norm of such a life, without Christ the donor of such a life, that life cannot exist. If for five days a week the child is without Christ, the man will be without Christ seven days a week, and if the man be without Christ seven days a week, so too will the State be without Him for seven days a week. And then, alas, the flood, the flood of ruinous passions that will leave us weltering in blood. For my brethren, history repeats itself. Note how the calamity comes about. A certain State gave over the education of the future leaders of the people to blind philosophers puffed up with pride over their own attainments. One of these philosophers, the leader of his kind, dethroned the God-given faculties of intellect and will and put in their stead a sensitive faculty which groped towards truth as the worm crawls towards light, and recognized truth by mere sensation. Rational faculties were cast aside and emotions were put in their place. And the theologians of the State applied this doctrine to religion, the great poets of the State sang its praises, and all the while those who had been indoctrinated with it, were sinking from low emotion to lower emotions, until at last the inevitable result occurred, for on this doctrine an ethicist based his superman, and from the superman quickly followed the superstate, in which expediency, not God, was the norm of morality. And the work was done. No, not yet, for the material prosperity of that nation waxed great and other nations

became jealous thereof and adopted the philosophy and method of their rival. And there was no God, only riches and luxury. No God? Why, yes, there was. For if men be not taught of Heaven, they make unto themselves gods of the things of earth. And some made the State a god, others made commerce a god, others again, lust. Their gods attacked, men flew at one another, like mad creatures, and pursued one another to an agonized death, by bomb, gas and plane, by all the death-bearing instruments that the genius of man could devise. To the number of seven or eight millions they marched and countermarched, destroying the fair fruits of the earth, burning and slaying, leaving the earth blighted as do pests of locusts. And to what effect? What did they accomplish? The land is soaked in human blood, whitened with bleached human bones. Children are starving, women are in despair, men are burning with hatred—the whole world is awry. Nations are ruined—how many; one? No, not one. Two? No, not two, but five and ten and more, so many that the President of these United States has felt obliged to call together the leaders of the chief nations and plead with them to dispense with many of their instruments of war that their people may live, that Christian civilization may live. To such a pass has statesmanship without religion brought the world, and statesmanship without religion came of the classroom without religion. Truly, religion is necessary for the individual and the State.

And it is in this fact and principle that the chief emphasis and almost the entire significance of this notable celebration lie. You have come out with show and enthusiasm to bear witness not to bricks and mortar but to the truth and necessity of this principle, conscious, too, that to it you owe all the spiritual and intellectual benefits that have come to you and your ancestors this century past. For inspired by that principle, and by that alone, the sons of Ignatius came among your ancestors a hundred years ago, and set up Gonzaga Seminary which through the years has grown into this magnificent institution. And they were valiant men, Wiget and Kohlman and Lynch and Conway and Hollohan and all the others, great men, men of learning, and holiness of life. And they labored

in obscurity, until the angel of death took the staff of office from their hands. But the ranks were not broken, others of kindred and equal spirit took their place, and the work has gone on unbroken to this day, so that now Gonzaga has illustrious sons in all professions, in all parts of the country. But it must be confessed that all the credit for this work is not due to the Jesuits alone. Gonzaga has drawn most of her students from Washington, indeed, from this parish. And to the mothers of the parish is due no small part of the success achieved by the faculty of the College. Out of the homes presided over by these good mothers, have come boys of splendid disposition, docile boys, bright boys, eager for learning, trained by their mothers to appreciate the higher realities of life. And the mothers in turn owe their virtues to the good Sisters of Notre Dame, who for well nigh fifty years have supplemented the work of the college by their excellent schools. Living a highly intellectual and spiritual life themselves, they impart to their pupils their own spirit, so that the mothers of Gonzaga are noted for their faith and for their desire to promote the welfare of their children. All hail and all praise to the Sisters of Notre Dame! Their jubilee year is not far off and when it comes may the clients of Gonzaga gather round them and send up to God a prayerful "Te Deum" in thanksgiving for the benefits the Sisters have conferred upon this college. They, like the Fathers of Gonzaga, have done their work well, the work of preparing young men and women for the world, and the consummation of this life, eternal salvation. And soon heaven will be ours, where we shall all be joined in one great family, in enjoyment of an eternal reward which is God the beginning and end of all. Be it so, O God! Be it so!

The Church's Missionary Spirit

*Sermon Delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon,
at the Opening of the Students' Catholic Missionary
Crusade, St. Louis, Mo., February 22, 1922.*

"Behold these shall come from afar and behold these from the north and from the sea, and these from the south country. . . . Lift up thy eyes round about, and see all these are gathered together, they are come to thee: as I live, saith the Lord, thou shalt be clothed with all these as with an ornament, and as a bride thou shalt put them about thee."—*Is. xlix. 12, 18.*

The commentators apply this glowing prophecy of Isaias to the new Jerusalem—the bride of Christ, whom St. John also saw in apocalyptic vision, and which is none other than the Church of God. This coming together from the north and the south and from the sea—this grouping of the nations, prefigures the Catholicity of the Church and anticipates the final development and application of the blessed Saviour's commission to His Apostles to "go forth and teach all nations." Clothed as with an ornament the bride of Christ shall wear the garment splendid, the woof whereof is human souls, woven by divine love and united by that one faith which shall bind the nations together, and all to God. It is this vision I would hold up to you today, who have come together before the altar of God from many schools and many racial origins to exhibit your high resolve that that vision shall be, if possible, achieved. And with God's grace and your consecrated intelligence and enthusiasm, its achievement is not only possible; but let us hope near at hand.

It is true, your enthusiasm is a new one, and all the more remarkable in these days of despondent materialism and spiritual death. But though this enthusiasm is new, yet this purpose of yours goes back to the very beginning of the Church's life. Yours is the Catholic Mission Crusade; and it is Christ who said at the very beginning, "*Ecce Ego mitto vos.*" which commission Christ gave to the Apostles, thus establishing the Catholic Mission Crusade. Not only is there the commission, but the order to

go and carry out their mission, "*Euntes docete omnes gentes.*" So that in Christ's primal commission you have the title, method and the purpose of the Catholic Mission Crusade. It is a movement, my friends, which lies near to the soul of the Church, near to the heart of Christ—a movement worthy of all admiration, as it has on it all benediction.

OUTGROWING THE PAROCHIAL OUTLOOK

Heretofore we Catholics of America were willing to be the recipients of that Catholic Mission from other lands. We were willing to take our priests, our teachers from other fields. We were willing to receive, but not to give. We clung to the parishes and their boundaries—the dioceses and their divisions. We had the parochial mind; and thought little of our brethren, either near or far away. In our outlook, we were provincial and not Catholic. We did not claim to be our brother's keeper, nor even his instructor. We were satisfied to put our light under the "parochial bushel" instead of setting it up along the highways of the world. But thanks be to God, things have changed. We are giving up our isolation. We are getting ashamed of our narrow provincialism. We begin to assert our proud position as citizens who will serve in the far-flung kingdom of Christ. We are willing to leave home and kindred to go and preach the Gospel and aid as best we may, and with what powers we have, to bring back all the world unto God.

A little reflection will convince us how deep set is this duty that has come to us to enter Catholic Mission's Crusade. Nearest to us is that very human reason, that we should do so out of gratitude to those who were missionaries to us, and ours, those who came to us in pioneer days to preach, those who commenced the parishes, the missionaries who laid the foundation of the Christian home and the Christian schools. We the recipients of their labors should reciprocate by doing in our day for others what they in their day did for us. But gratitude is not the only reason. A broader and deeper reason is that it is our duty as Catholics, possessing the truth to teach that truth to others, which duty becomes a necessary

duty since that truth is necessary to others—more than that, a supernatural duty, since the truths we profess are of the supernatural order. A supremely Christian duty since Christ Himself has commanded us to teach it.

THE MISSIONS, THE CHURCH'S GLORY

It is in the realization of this great duty that we come to understand the grandeur and divine character of our Faith. It is in the history of the Church's missions that her noblest life is manifested. It is under their headings that her glorious deeds are recorded. Their sacrifices constitute her brightest pages. Who are they who traveled by the central sea and preached in Ephesus, Antioch, Athens and Rome? Were they not the first missionaries who went out with the words of their mission received from the Master, Himself, still ringing in their ears, still filling their hearts? Who were they who carried the good tidings to all the nations of Europe? The Patricks, Augustines, Bonifaces and the rest. Were they not the missionaries of Christ, exiles from all but His Gospel, His mercy and His kingdom? Who are these who braved the dangers of the deep and in their frail vessels were first to arrive on the shores of America? "*Conquistadors*," you say. Yes, "*Conquistadors*" of the Christ, who would make subject to Him these new lands and strange people of the West. In all their labors and their travels there was all the glory of romance—all the splendor of sacrifice, with such sufferings of mind and body that they awaited with comfort the supreme sacrifice that marked their journey's end. The trails of light that they have left behind, we now, with renewed faith, must follow. Their sacrifices and their tears we must emulate. We may not reach the glory of their achievement; for this we must leave to God.

THE MISSION TRAIL

Let us for a moment but follow a few of these trails, and turn our gaze westward from where the setting sun bathes in splendor the dome and fires the cross above the Church where today you pray. Let us move outward along the banks of the Missouri, pause for the vespers at

Florissant and invoke the spirit of Father De Smet to guide us on as Dante did Beatrice in the quest of heaven in the long ago. Let us hear him tell of his love of the red men, and repeat again their call to him to come to save them. Let us sweep out on the Salt Lake trail, northwestward through Omaha and by the forts and along the rivers and out by the plains. Let us watch again in the spirit of De Smet as he gathers the spirits of the Indians around, the braves of the long ago. Let us ask him to tell what they asked him to preach to them. Let us watch the gathering by the wigwam and the red men uniting in prayer to the great Father above, to guard full well His Indian children and bless and preserve the mighty "Black Robe."

We have traveled now two thousand miles. We are passing over the Great Divide. South of us is the Mountain of the Holy Cross, and beyond us, the peaceful valleys that lead to the Pacific, where the flowers bloom and the sun shines all the year. Down the western slopes we go, by the forests where grow the sequoia and redwood. We will pass them by, though they stand more commanding than the Cedars of Lebanon. We will pass the gold fields richer than those of Ophir. We have left behind us the Black Robe and his Indians, but again what voices are these we hear as we reach the lapping waters of the Pacific? How pleasantly come to the Christian heart the strains we now hear, "*Vexilla regis prodeunt, fulget crucis mysterium.*" It is the Franciscan Father Junipero Serra and his Fathers, who there sing their vesper song by the waters of the Pacific. Hither had they come on their long journey from Spain to Mexico, from Mexico along to California. Here they have built the highway of the King and set as sentinels the saints of God to guard the Church that they built for the children of the forests.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

The voyager longs to dwell on scenes so fair, and to the Christian heart so consoling; but he may not stay. Yet as he journeys on he is consoled today by the knowledge that these missions will live again, and that a more prosperous, if not a more pious age will make the royal highway of Christ broader still, if not fairer than when first it was

marked by the footsteps of the *Padres*. Out on the Western waters, on the wide Pacific, you pass by Avalon the Blessed, then reach the Isles far out in the West—the land of palm and fern and coral reef, sunshine and flowers, blest with every natural gift, wanting only the light of the Gospel to make it a modern paradise. But because of its ancient paganism and its ancient sins, its people lie sick and worn, the victims, too, of that disease which is a living death. We would offer them Christian comfort and willing service; but our place is taken by the saintly Damien, who, with them, spends his years in living death, consoling those who were going by the deadly way of the plague before him.

Out again along the rim of the Western world, where the islands lie in a summer sea—the islands that calling to the infrequent traveler enthrall him by their beauty and make him theirs forever; but especially those Christian hunters who come from hill and sea to lay down their lives for the island flocks. But onward we must go past the line that marks for us the east and west—the line that marks the pagan of the Orient from the Christian of the West—the line that Kipling said can never be bridged over:

“Oh, East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently
At God’s great judgment seat.”

On the other hand, how much more true it is when with eyes of Christian charity we stand between the dividing lines of the world, putting above that barrier line the cross of Christ, that

“There is neither East or West,
Bórdor nor breed nor birth,
When the Children of Christ stand face to face,
Tho’ they come from the ends of the earth.”

Hence as we go we reach the garden islands of the Japanese. We hear still spoken the name of the white

man, Francis Xavier, who came to them in the long ago, who preached as none other preached to them; and left them a lasting heritage of undying faith.

And thus, too, in the great Empires of China and India, where the millions dwell in heat and superstition and pride of caste—the millions, who today are calling to us to come to rescue them—they, too, have the memories of a Francis Xavier, and before him, of a St. Thomas, who preached to them the wondrous ways of God; and whose names are still with them a benediction. They are calling today, the millions from Asia and Africa and Europe—yes—and our own America. They ask of us, for the love of God, and for the love of them, and for the sake of their immortal souls, and for Christ, and for our own sake, to come to help them—to break to them the bread of life.

I am sure that many will in these coming years go forth from the City of the Catholic Mission Crusader King, bearing his cross in his hands and the fleur-de-lis in their hearts, consecrated to God and to humanity, seeking with their lives the living, and with their death the crown which the Great High Commissioner shall render to His faithful ambassadors—to His children that home returning have for spoils the souls of the many who otherwise were lost.

Convent Education

From the Denver Register

I am not a Catholic. I am a judge. I was educated in the public school of my native town. I remember that my first orations were forensics in defense of this system. Afterwards, my two years in a sectarian college tempered my belief in public schools. I realized that I received something from my religious instructions that, rebel though I was in most matters of doctrine, impressed me and set me in certain standards that have upheld me through many moral crises. My university years seem like sand sliding from the rock of my earlier home and college training. My wife, who had taught in a girl's school in Pennsylvania before our marriage, often made the same remark

to me about the relative value of her own university education. Nor did she approve altogether of the girl's schools in which she had taught. "There's too much snobbery in them," she declared, "too much materialism, too much emphasis on the purely social. I wonder why we can't establish institutions of the ethical standards of the Catholic convents?"

It was the first time I had ever heard any one suggest that Catholic convents held any standard of education that non-Catholics should emulate. That my wife, who was one of the keenest students I have ever known, should make the remark, impressed me at the time. The memory of it impressed me again when I was struggling to think out the problem of our daughters' education, for my wife's death when Ethel was thirteen and Abigail eleven, left me helpless to determine the best course for the girls. I could find no school for the girls that satisfied my ideas of moral propriety and educational broadness. True, there were excellent institutions of sectarian bias; but they had, I noted, a narrowing tendency that I have always deprecated. On the other hand, there were educational institutions without any sectarian, in fact any religious tendency. But my years on the bench have convinced me of the need of definite religious training.

It is a strange commentary on American education that the men and women most familiar with various educational systems, public and private, in the country, should be the ones who are hesitant about sending their sons and daughters to the very schools in which they were educated. My wife had consistently opposed co-educational universities and ordinary girls' schools for our daughters. She had, I think, an idea that Ethel and Abigail would eventually go to one of the women's colleges of the East. But in the meantime I had to fill four years for Ethel and six for Abigail.

I consulted my old partner, the judge. "Send them to a Catholic convent," he growled characteristically. "Sisters take care of girls right. That's their business. They're not working for the money. And 'Glory-to-God' work is the only kind where the other fellow has a chance to sit in the game." Curiously enough, his words brought back to

me my wife's remark about the ethical standards of Catholic convents. I took a mental review of the women in our town whom I knew to be convent graduates, comparing them with women I knew to be the products of other methods of education. With a few exceptions the balance stood overwhelmingly in favor of the convent-bred women. "I'll send them," I said.

My girls have been for two years in one of the largest Catholic convents in the West. During their first visit home I studied them keenly, looking for evidences of any acquired traits I might consider undesirable. I did not find them. I had at least expected repression; but I find my girls as heartily wholesome as ever. They are doing well with their work. I know their moral standards are being fused. I know they are safe. And, although I am a lonely middle-aged man in a big house for nine months of the year, I am willing to make the sacrifice in the certainty that I am doing my duty to my daughters in giving them the best kind of an education for their needs. For I have lived long enough to see that the great need of America is men and women of moral strength and high standards; and I can see that these are qualities the convent school is giving to my girls.

Questionable Reading

Rev. E. Hull, S.J., in the "Bombay Examiner"

We always recommend people to leave such reading alone, and take to something better. But if a man does happen to take up such a book, his moral sense will soon tell him whether he ought to stop or not. The simple rule is this: "If the reading stirs up feelings that ought not to be stirred up, and fills the mind with pictures which are likely to return in the imagination and lead to bad results, drop the book at once." Until this is experienced one cannot say it is *forbidden* to go on. As it is impossible to censor all the literature which comes in people's way, this is the only rule to offer.

If a book is notoriously vicious and dangerous, no one

should read it except those whose duty it is to guide others, such as priests who are by their training safeguarded against evil effects, and who can read such books as part of their professional duty—as doctors have to do the like. It is true that some people are very susceptible, some less so, and some fairly callous; hence it is for each one to direct himself according to his experience. If he is more cautious than necessary it is a fault on the right side. If he makes a mistake in going too far, he should check himself as soon as he observes his mistake, and resist the temptation of curiosity to go on, and take a lesson for the future. Asking advice may be useful; but as the advisor depends entirely on what the inquirer tells him, the ultimate test (as we have said) is personal experience according to the rule just laid down. If a man has got harm from reading a bad book without realizing it at the time, he may not be to blame for his past indiscretion, but should be more on the alert in future. If a book is known to have only one objectionable passage, there is no harm in reading the rest of it and skipping that part. Married people are under the same rule as other people, only perhaps their susceptibilities may be less.

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